



THE GLEBE HOUSE—A Tale.

FOUND IN THE CABINET OF A LADY OF DISTINCTION, LATELY DECEASED.

(Continued.)

THE same, the same,——I presume, madam, you have seen her, will you be so good as to inform me, if your opinion coincides with the admiring villagers.

It would be impossible to describe Mrs. Owens's countenance, when she faltering pronounced, 'my lord, I had the honor of bearing that name.'

Pardon me, dear madam, exclaimed his lordship, with a look of astonishment, how could I be so stupid; surely, when I heard where you came from, I need no longer have doubted, since in you I behold all those graces for which she was so deservedly extolled.

This young lady, I presume, madam, is your daughter—how lovely a copy—I tremble for the safety of the beaux hearts in London.

Your lordship, said Miss Somers, has never yet trembled for your own—you are very hard to be pleased.

Why hitherto I have been so, my dear, replied he, but the time, perhaps approaches (glancing at Constantia) when I shall be as vulnerable as any other mortal, to the shafts of Cupid.

In the midst of this scene, a waiter entered, to inform them that the coachman was impatient; a cloud immediately overspread the countenance of Mrs. Owens, which however was soon dissipated by his lordship, who declared, he could not relinquish the pleasure of their society; his ward and he proposed going off in a few days to London—they would be happy to have the vacant places in their carriages occupied by them. He urged his request—much entreaty was not requisite, their baggage was brought from the stage, and Mrs. Owens was rejoiced to hear it drive off.

She may with justice be condemned for imprudence in thus putting herself in the power of total strangers.—But though vain to excess, she was artless, and Credulity is reckoned the filter of Innocence.

The attention of his lordship will not be wondered at, when it is known he was an intimate of Mrs. Crofts, who had given him a sketch of the family, and from whom he received the following letter:

To Lord Stanville.

I snatch up the pen with rapture and eagerness to inform you, that the Owens' are setting off for London, to see, as they call it—the World—the mother is conceited and simple,—the children perfectly artless, you will find my language too unimpassioned to paint the glowing charms of Constantia, as they deserve—lit-

tle artifice will be necessary to get them into your power, vanity will make them run headlong into any snare. Adieu, my Lord, that success may attend your designs, is the wish of yours,

H—— C——

From this intimation, his lordship took such measures as he thought would accomplish his purposes. His ward was in reality the daughter of a tenant who had fallen a victim to his wiles.

His carriage came soon after dinner, and carried them to a magnificent house at seven miles distance.

Lord Stanville frequently said that it was a pity a man like Mr. Owens should be in so circumscribed a station—threw out many hints of having livings in his gift—that he could distinguish merit, and knew how to reward it.

In short Mrs. Owens' head, was by the time she returned to her chamber, totally filled with prospects of grandeur: she settled in her own mind that Constantia had made a conquest of the peer, that he would provide for her father, give Jasper a genteel employment, and elevate her family to that grandeur her heart so long had sighed for.

Well, child, said she, I wonder your father would say now, if we had staid cooing in the nest like the fussy old doves as he wanted us, things would never have come to this—ah, lord, there's nothing like having a person with some kind of a head to manage affairs—Mr. Coverly too, would have had us stay.

Would he, indeed Mar. ma, cried Constantia—I dare say he and my poor father are very dull without us.

Oh! never think of that, said her mother, you don't know what may happen, I always thought there was something great before you.

Constantia felt a sadness cling around her heart she could not conquer, and availed herself of her mother's falling asleep to peruse a letter which Coverly had slipped into her hand at parting.

THE LETTER.

My Constantia goes—may all good Angels watch and bless her—yet, the invocation is unnecessary, for Heaven guards with benignity celestial purity.

May thy happiness be equal to thy merit, though alas! such is the instability of our state, that the very moment which perhaps elevates thee to felicity, plunges Coverly in despair.

But away all contracted selfish ideas, henceforth—I will harbour no other wish but for Constantia's welfare.

She once I think, hinted a wish for my portrait;—ah! deem me not presumptuous, if I flatter myself such a momento is unnecessary to recall to thy memory one of the sincerest of thy friends.

Oh! think sometimes of him, who will think always of thee.—I am too deprest to say more, yet can scarcely bring myself to say farewell.

Her tears fell as she perused it—oh! was thy own felicity perfect, she cried, what rapture should I feel. Forget thee Coverly, no no—thou may'st perhaps be remembered too tenderly for my peace.

The portrait was wrapt in a paper which contained the following lines.

To seek that bosom, pensive shadow go,
Where lillies droop beneath the purer snow,
Where Virtue dwells, with her attendant Peace;
And soothing Pity shews her cherub face.

Go pensive shadow feel that beating breast,
Which learns to sigh, when others are not blest,
Which pants with anguish at another's woe,
And justly thinks, from goodness ease must flow.

With Guido's pencil, had I power to trace
The blushing beauties of that artless face,
Unequal to my task, I still should find
No human power could personify the mind.

To execute the office, then should come
The bantling Cupid, with his liping tongue,
The pencil he should use, should be his dart,
And stamp the image on my yielding heart.

Constantia very eagerly gazed for the portrait, it was indeed a pensive shadow, for the limner had thrown into the countenance all that look of despondency for which Coverly was so remarkable.

'Tis probable she might have staid hours contemplating it, had not her mother waked and hastily called her to bed.

In the morning, they were ushered into a magnificent saloon, where a sumptuous breakfast was prepared; his lordship, if possible, was more assiduous than the preceding night.

After breakfast, he conducted them through a long serpentine walk to a plain, opening in front to a spacious river, and encompassed by an amphitheatre of trees, an awning of light silk, spread over some of them, formed a kind of bower—where they seated themselves on a bank of turf, embroidered with the gayest flowers.

Two gaudy barges were lying on the river, occupied by a number of young men dressed in uniform; soft music played, and seemed to steal along the waters, till at a signal given by his lordship, the barges set off to a small island, the destined goal for displaying their abilities.

On their return, the victor immediately landed, and coming to the bower, modestly bent his knee to Constantia—his lordship presented her a chaplet of artificial flowers, and begged she would reward merit—blushing, and confused at this piece of gallantry, with a trembling hand she decked the brows of the youth.

(To be continued.)

A SINGULAR TALE.

"TWO English noblemen on their travels, arriving at Paris, put up at a house in which a German Count had died and laid a corpse. In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, and growing weary of his bed, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen, where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself there for some time, when being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up stairs: but instead of entering his own chamber, he went into that of the deceased Count, over whose head they had thrown a cloth. There is not so much ceremony used in France in the management of their dead, as in England and Germany; for they are satisfied with shewing their affection to the living. The Englishman, after having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when, creeping as close to him as possible, in order to warm himself, and finding his bed-fellow colder than he, began to mutter—What the d—l is the matter, my friend? said he you are as cold as ice. I'll lay a wager, numb as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had but seen the pretty girl that is below stairs. Come, come, you may take my word for it, added he, and pulling him by the arm, come, zounds, stir, I'll engage you shall have her for a guinea. While he was holding this fine conversation with the dead, who (detached from the things of this world) did not give himself the trouble of making a reply, his chamber door was opened, which made him raise his head from the pillow to see who was coming in. But judge what must be his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his shoulder! He thought at first that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and seeing the visage of one who had not spoken a word, a visage overspread with a mortal paleness, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and maid, immediately persuaded that he was the corpse, who being unwilling to be shut up in the coffin, was now playing its gambols, their legs were unable to move with swiftness proportionable to their fear; and the joiner, maid, coffin, and candlestick, rolled, one over another, from the top of the stairs down into the kitchen. Zounds, what are you all about? cried the landlord: is the devil flying away with the dead man? Mercy on us! cried the maid, quite chopfallen, it is rather the dead man that would run away with us. I'll be hang'd said the joiner, if that dead fellow there has any more occasion for a coffin than I have; why he has got up into the middle of the room, and has just struck up a hornpipe. He has! cried the landlord, taking a light—faith we'll see that.

While the family were trembling and getting up to follow the master of the house, the English nobleman, who had again found his chamber, slipped into bed quite out of breath; and his friend having asked him where he had been, he told him that he had just been lying with a dead body. 'Sblood! a dead body! it had perhaps the plague, cried the other, jumping in his turn out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light. The landlord, the landlady, and servants, who were passing through the gallery, no sooner saw him than they imagined that it was the dead who appeared again; and down they came much faster than they went up, heels over head from top to bottom, with the candlesticks rolling after them; at this confusion, join-

ed with their shrieks and clamours, the Englishman, terrified at the hideous noise, soon made for his room, and slipped into bed to his companion, without the least fear of catching the plague. In the mean time an honest country priest, who lodged in the Inn, got up and appeared armed with holy water, and a long broom instead of a little brush: he made his aspersions, and the conjurations prescribed by the Romish church, and conducted by way of procession the terrified, trembling people into the chamber of the defunct, who, thinking no harm lay quietly in bed. The priest was instantly regarded as a saint; and they all cried up the miracle of the holy water, which bound the corpse to its good behaviour, and prevented its being refractory.

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF DWARF TREES.

From Sir G. Stanton's account of his embassy to China.

THE Hall of Audience furnished an object of curiosity, striking at least to strangers. On several tables, were placed in frames, filled with earth, dwarf pines, oaks, and orange trees bearing fruit. None of them exceeded, in height, two feet.—Some of those dwarfs bore all the marks of decay from age; and upon the surface of the soil were interspersed small heaps of stones, which, in proportion to the adjoining dwarfs, might be termed rocks. These were honey combs and moss grown, as if untouched for ages, which served to maintain the illusion, and to give an antique appearance to the whole. This kind of stunted vegetation seemed to be much relished by the curious in China; and specimens of it were to be found in every considerable dwelling. To produce them, formed a part of the gardener's skill, and was an art invented in that country. Beside the mere merit of overcoming a difficulty, it had that of introducing vegetables into common apartments, from which their natural size must otherwise have excluded them.—The general method of obtaining vegetable dwarfs, is said to be as follows: a quantity of clay or mold is applied to the upper part of the trunk of a tree, for which a dwarf is intended to be taken, and close to its division into branches. The mold is to be confined to the spot by coarse hempen, or cotton cloth, and to be carefully kept moist by water. In consequence of this application, continued sometimes above a twelve month, small tender fibres shoot down like roots from the wood into the mold. The part of the trunk emitting those new fibres, together with the branch immediately above it, is then to be carefully separated from the rest of the tree, and planted in a new earth, in which the fibres become new roots, while the former branch is now the stem of the vegetables, thus transformed in some measures. This operation does not destroy or alter the productive faculty which those parts enjoyed before their separation from their parent root.—That which, while a branch of the original tree bore flowers and fruit, continues to produce the same, though no longer supported upon any stock. The terminal buds of such branches of trees, as are meant to become dwarfs are torn off; which circumstance prevents the further elongation of those branches and forces other buds and branchlets from the sides. These branchlets are bent by wires to whatever form the operator wishes; and when the appearance

of age and decay is meant to be given to a dwarf tree, it is repeatedly smeared with treacle or molasses which attracts multitudes of ants, who in pursuit of those sweet juices, attack the bark, and, by a gradual corrosion of it produces the desired effect. These different processes are sometimes attempted to be kept secret by the gardeners, and they are very designedly in the mode of carrying them on; but the principle on which they are founded, is sufficiently apparent from what is related here; and the connivance argues ingenuity and perseverance, rather than the practice does true taste, which consists in assisting nature in its most favorite works; not in counteracting in its operations, or distorting its productions.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

Copy of a letter from Silas Dinsmore, agent to the Cherokee nation, to his excellency Governor Blount.

ON my return from South-Carolina, I paid a visit to the enchanted mountain,* about two miles south of Brase town, to examine the much famed curiosities on the rocks, and was pleased to find that report so happily co-incided with reality.†

There are on several rocks, a number of impressions resembling the tracks of turkeys, bears, horses, and human beings, as visible and perfect as they could be made on snow or sand.—The latter were remarkable for having uniformly six toes on each, one only excepted which appeared to be the track of a negro foot. By this we must suppose the originals to have been the progeny of Titan or Anack. One of the tracks was very large, the length of the foot 16 inches, the distance of the extremes of the outer toes, thirteen inches, the proximate breadth behind the toes, the diameter of the heel ball, five. One of the horse tracks was likewise of an uncommon size; the traverse and conjugate diameters were 8 by 10 inches; perhaps the horse which the great warrior rode. There were many other fanciful figures, the measure of which, if they had any, I could not decipher.

If you expect that I shall give a satisfactory account of the original occasion of those figures, I doubt you will be disappointed. What appears to me to be most in favour of their being the real tracks of the animals they represent, is the circumstance of a horse's foot having apparently slipped several inches, and the figures having apparently the same direction like the trail of a company on a journey. If it be a *lusus naturæ*, I believe the old dame never sported more seriously; if the operation of chance, perhaps there was never more apparent design; if it were done by art, it might be to perpetuate the remembrance of some remarkable event of war, or engagement fought on that ground.—The vast heaps of stones near the place, which I understood are tombs of warriors slain in battle, seem to favour the supposition. The texture of the rock is soft; the part on which the fun had the greatest influence, and which was the most indurated, could be easily cut with a knife, and appeared to be of the nature of the pipe, or soap stone. Some of the Cherokees entertain an opinion that it always rains when any person visits the place, as if sympathetic nature wept at the recollection of the dreadful catastrophe which those figures were intended to commemorate. An old Indian, at whose cabin we called to enquire the way, assured us it would certainly rain. The truth is, it was

...raining; and continued so through the day following night; consequently I was unable to confute the notion, however absurd, by which I had likewise the curiosity, on my journey, to take a view of the situation of the springs which are said to be sources of some branches of the Tugelo, Apalachicola, and High Wastee rivers, which are very near neighbours in the mountains. I rode my horse at a moderate walk, dismounted, and drank of the three waters in ten minutes. Their situation is in the form of a triangle, the sides perhaps from 150 to 200 yards.

* *The Indians so consider it.*
 † *This rock is situated upon the head waters of High Wastee, a southern branch of the Tennessee, about 100 miles from Knoxville, nearly a south-west.*
 ‡ *Judging from the form.*

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

WHEN the great Scipio (the Roman general) was pursuing his conquests in Spain, a noble and beautiful lady became his captive. He was in the prime of life, and had a relish for pleasure, and might have used his slave as he pleased. He was smitten with her beauty, and acquainted her with it; but she received him with horror, declared she was pre-engaged to one of her own country, and even produced her lover to plead with his potent rival. Scipio heard them with uneasiness, appeared irresolute, but descended to declare his mind at another interview. The time came, the general took his seat, the guards attended, and the lady and her lover threw themselves at his feet, all in tears, under the greatest apprehension and perplexity. The soldiers themselves were moved with pity; and Scipio rising from his seat, lifted the lovers from the ground, joined their hands, dried their tears, and made them forever happy in each other. This was a greater action than winning a battle: no man was great enough to conquer Scipio, but Scipio conquered himself.

THE SAILOR'S ADVICE ON MARRYING.

MY little fair one, as soon as you have entered on board stand prepared for all kinds of weather, and in every shifting rudder of reason, carefully avoid the rocks of imprudence, run no risks by prohibited commerce, make no false signals, nor hang part of the scene, guide your vessel by the outside colours, but mind to a hair when to traverse or tack to advance and to retreat, and skillfully steer from the straits of contention, preserve yourself steady tho' syrens attempt to seduce you and by a well ballasted head, secure your heart against the top gallant delights of age, which never fail to engage the fresh water fry: and always remember to keep your rebellious passions under the hatches, that they may not make a too frightful explosion, and give such a shock to the pillars of wedlock as would quite discourage your lover, and cause him with full spread sails, to bear away from the gulph of ruin and destruction.

MAXIM.

How hurtful to common things must excess be, since even virtue cannot bear it!

NEWARK, JUNE 2.

IS now in the press of *Jacob Halley & Co.* and will shortly be published, *Sixteen Sermons*, by Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. President of Princeton College. They will be printed with a handsome type, entirely new, on excellent paper, and comprised in one volume, octavo, which will be elegantly bound and delivered to subscribers, at the low price of *Two Dollars*.

MARRIAGES.

*Forgive the daring muse that sings,
 The bliss supreme which Hymen brings,
 The joys of wedded love!
 In sympathetic breasts shall glow,
 The highest transports we can know.
 Which wasting years improve.*

At Philadelphia, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. HZEKIAH NILES, Printer, of Wilmington, (Delaware,) to Miss ANNE OGDEN, daughter of Mr. William Ogden, of that city.

At New-York, by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. WILLIAM DURELL, late printer and bookseller of that city, and now printer of the Mount Pleasant Register, to Miss SARAH STREET, of Mount Pleasant.

THE MORALIST.

"*Fashion in every thing, bears sovereign sway.*"
 It is peculiarly unfortunate, that Fashion is so much regarded by youth—at an age when the mind ought to be the principal object, when the acquisition of useful knowledge, should engross all their moments, and rivet their closest attention, we too often perceive those secondary pursuits, *dress, company and amusements*, entrapping the careless stripling, and hurrying him, with a furious impetuosity, down the stream of dissipation.—There is scarcely any vice that has not some agreeable, some fascinating trait; and this, magnified by being viewed through a false medium, leads them to adopt a course, specious in its appearance, but ruinous in its effects. It is not my wish, by any means, to chain the youthful mind in any particular pursuit; to be absorbed in pleasure, or immured forever in a study, are extremes equally to be shunned, as detrimental to health and happiness; neither are what I would recommend; it is that *happy medium*, which beautifully blends the sedate and the lively; which defrauds not amusement of its hours, nor unwillingly enters the closet; but is equally gratified with each change, pursuing with assiduousness the object of the moment.

The love of novelty is inherent in the youthful breast, and if not carried to excess, is certainly laudable. If ever curiosity is to be gratified, youth is the most proper season. It is vain to attempt to chain those of a roving disposition; like the fickle humming bird, they range from flower to flower, and but just sip from each, the overflowing sweet. Frequently, however, a thorn in ambush, checks them in their career, and warns them, that caution and circumspection are necessary requisites, for those, who would pass with ease and safety, through this craggy world. Youth, sanguine and impetuous, disdains the admonition of experience; and though warned by the wisest of men that "*all is vanity*," they prefer more convincing proofs; they refuse to credit the testi-

mony of their predecessors, and choose to determine for themselves. When they arrive at the end of the chapter, invariably they find it to be a truth, "*that it is vexation of spirit.*"

The fashions of their youth, like the rattles of an infant, afford no genuine pleasure upon reflection. When they contemplate the time they have sacrificed to fashion, it will not be a trifling source of uneasiness; *how much more advantageously might we have employed those hours; what a noble opportunity have we slighted for cultivating our minds*, would be expressions frequently heard, if the language of the heart was spoken.

My young friends, reflect upon the moment as it passes; suffer it not to accumulate unsuspected; if you do, the retrospect will be deferred, until it is too late to reform. But if you "nip in the bud" habits of idleness and dissipation; if you correct to-day the errors of yesterday, and "walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise," you can, in life's decline, reflect with pleasure upon the morning of your days and enjoy those delightful sensations, which can arise in no breast but yours.

[*Farmer's Weekly Museum.*]

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTH.

CITIZONESS FOURNIER, the wife of Pierre Francois Duifaus, of the Commune of Verchoq, was delivered on the 24th of January last, of six living children, three male and three female, but they died soon after, owing perhaps to their being born before the full time of gestation. The mother recovered and is in good health. This extraordinary case was communicated by the commissioner of the Executive Directory in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, to the Minister of the interior as deserving to be inserted in the journals.

DETACHED SENTENCES.

When we look at a field of corn, we find those stalks which raise their heads highest, are the emptiest. The same is the case with men: those who assume the greatest consequence, have generally the least share of judgment and ability.

There is no vice more insupportable and more universally hated than pride; it is a kind of poison, which corrupts all the good qualities of a man, and whatever merit he may otherwise possess, this single fault is sufficient to render him odious and contemptible; so that by pleasing himself too much, he displeases every one else. Pride is the first vice which takes possession of the heart, because it derives its source from self-love; and it is the last that remains, whatever efforts may be made to expel it.

OBITUARY.

*Death! great proprietor of all, 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
 The sun himself by thy permission shines:
 And, one day, thou wilt pluck him from his sphere.*

Died, in this town on Wednesday last, Doctor Vinant Van Zandt, after a long and painful illness—his remains were on Thursday taken to New-York, and deposited in the family vault.

At White Stone, Long-Island, on Thursday the 24th inst. David Ogden, Esq. formerly of this town, in the 92d year of his age.

Lately, Mrs. MARLEY, daughter of Mr. John Schuyler, of Bardadoes Neck.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

ONCE more the sun withdraws his light,
In swift succession silent night,
With fable banner wide unfurl'd,
Claims the dark empire of the world.

Thus soon will death's approaching gloom
The brilliant rays of life entomb;
Though bright they shine, they soon must fail
And a long solemn night prevail.

But hope surveys the orient skies,
Views the returning sun arise,
While darkness flies the cheering ray
And nature greets the new-born day.

So Christian faith, in rapture borne,
Points to the resurrection morn;
Sees life the power of death overcome
And in immortal vigor bloom.

In this consoling thought may I
Consent to live, nor fear to die;
Wait for the LORD, with cheerful praise,
To drop the curtain of my days.

THE AGE OF SIMPLICITY.

A FRAGMENT.

THE muse, on wings of fancy backward
borne,
Looks when society began to form;
When Asia's sons that roam'd o'er desert lands,
Began to coalesce in social bands:
Urg'd by cognition they together move,
Unite commutual in fraternal love.
This was the twilight, this the happy dawn,
That usher'd in the glories of the morn
Of those auspicious days, by poets told,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd.

With freedom blest, man then his rights enjoy'd,
No preying cares his anxious mind employ'd,
No hellish furies rag'd within his breast,
Nor thundering Mars depriv'd his soul of rest;
With kindred warmth the heart began to glow,
And all the blessings friendship could bestow.

Here mental talents first distinguish'd man,
And infant arts and sciences began.
The primal fathers, and the rustic swains,
Here turn'd the clod, and till'd the fertile plains,
And saw with joy their little stores increase,
Whilst on their labours smil'd sweet innocence
and peace.

Beneath a tree amidst some shady vale,
The shepherd oft would tell his am'rous tale,
And as he walk'd along the lonely grove,
Would tune his rural pipe to sacred love;
Or on the margin of some crystal stream,
Whose silver floods with animation teem,
Would sit to see the fish sportive play,
In circling gambols cut their wat'ry way.

Happy the times, blest were those early days!
Let bards in concert join their flowing lays,
Did numbers rise to celebrate those few,
That pride, and envy nor ambition knew.

CHARITY DISPLAYED;

Or A Paraphrase on 1st Corinthians, xiii.

WOULD heav'n to whom such mighty gifts
belong,

Favor a mortal with an angel's tongue;
Could ev'ry speech the various nations know,
Glide from my lips in one continu'd flow,
If Charity, of graces first and best,
With generous warmth my bosom never blest'd,
The tinkling cymbal, or the sounding brass,
Would be the noisy types of what I was.

Could I the mis'ries of religion scan,
Or open all futurity to a man;
Or did the beams of science in me shine,
Though ne'er so bright, enliv'ning, or divine;
Or could my faith into the ocean roll
The rooted rock, or strike the distant pole;
If Charity her virtues ne'er impart,
Vain all my power, my knowledge, and my art.

Should I profusely waste my golden store,
To cloath the naked and to feed the poor;
Nay should I give my body to the flame,
And bear the honor of a martyr's name
If sacred Charity my breast disown,
Vain my compassion, suffer'ing and renown.

Fair Charity enjoys a patient mind,
Forever lovely, and forever kind;
Let others boast their riches and their state,
She smiles content, nor wishes to be great;
In her no proud, no empty looks are seen,
Mild are her words becoming is her mein:
Cheerful she sacrifices health and ease,
To raise the low, or give the troubled peace;
No wrath is ever known to change her brow,
Nor meditates she evil to her foe;
If wickedness in any shape appears,
Her melting eyes her sorrows speak in tears:
But when religion spreads her happy sway,
She gives her sorrow and her tears away:
She hopes, she trusts, she suffers, she believes,
And cheerfully the greatest wrongs receives;
Faith is intended for no state but this,
And Hope ere long shall be dissolv'd in bliss,
But Charity hereafter shall obtain
Diviner honours and an endless reign.

SONNET TO ENVY.

AH! cruel Envy! thy malignant darts,
Forg'd in the dark recesses of the mind,
Dipp'd in the gall and pride of callous hearts,
Pierce thro' the soul and leave their stings
behind.

Ah! cruel envy! from thy fullen look,
Flees modest merit to her humble shade,
There seek a covert from thy hard rebuke,
And on the lap of friendship hangs her head.

But ah! nor friendship's generous arms can
screen,

Nor peaceful shades seclude thy ruthless form,
But still pursued by thy insatiate spleen,
She sinks beneath the overwhelming storm.

Parent of black design! yet will I not com-
plain,

Tho' I may feel your wrath, if I escape thy
reign.

FOR THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

I OBSERVED in the Magazine of last week
a few lines under the head of "Transposed
letters for the amusement of the Ladies,"
were jumbled together in such a manner that
at first could make no sense of them, but
pulling and shoving the letters about, I found
few sentimental lines, "On the dissolution
of the world," which I should be glad to see
week in their proper manner.

A FEMALE.

TRANSPOSD LETTERS FOR THE AMUSEMENT
OF THE LADIES.

On the Dissolution of the World.

AH! Then shall yon glorious King of day
Cease to roll on, in his diurnal way;
The silver Moon, the Queen of gloomy night,
No more on us shall cast reflected light;
And thou, fair earth, our native seat below,
Shalt on the waves of vast destruction flow;
Yon golden stars from their vast orbs shall fall
And universal ruin level all:
Yet then the soul, pleas'd with existence sure,
Shall face destruction and defy its pow'r.

ON MODESTY.

SEE where she comes! transcending human
praise;

With downcast eyes that ever love the ground,
Not with more crimson hue
Looks the pure virgin rose,
Than does the blush that vivifies her cheek,
(The glowing emblem of her spotless mind:)
The tint, that nature gives
To innocence alone.

Far other colour stains the face of Guilt:
Far other flushes her confusion mark,
Than modesty receives

From truth's immortal touch.
The zone of chastity entwines her waist,
And Virtue's shade sits close around her neck

As loving to be near
Perfections so divine.

Look up, sweet maid! and with one awing
glance

Yon public harlot, impudence, confound,
That would confront thy step,
And blast the charms she wants.

Look up and thou shalt see the convert bend
Beneath the sun-beam of thy sacred eye,

And weep to touch the hem
Of thy celestial stole.

SINGLE LIFE AND MATRIMONY—*Contrasted.*
THE matrimonial state—All prudent men

approve,

The wife sincerely hate—A course of chang-
ing love;

True happiness we find—In hymen's fillet
chain,

With those who are unjoin'd—There's nought but
fear and pain;

I'll therefore wisely dare—To have a con-
stant wife;

To change from fair to fair—Is but a wretched
life.

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.